

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
754 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.  
Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,  
Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager  
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.  
Daily and Sunday.....\$10.00 per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$2.50 per week  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$7.50 per month  
Subscription Rates by Mail.  
Daily and Sunday.....\$10.00 per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$2.50 per week  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$7.50 per month  
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per week

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Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if accompanied by stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.  
All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1910.

Well Done, Mr. Hitchcock!

Postmaster General Hitchcock appears before the American people in a new and very gratifying role. The manner and promptness with which he engineered the raid upon that "incorporated swindle" in New York proves conclusively that the ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee is fitted for other things besides leading a Presidential campaign successfully and bestowing Federal patronage.  
Mr. Hitchcock says he is convinced that within five years "get-rich-quick" concerns have robbed the American people of something like \$500,000,000. Women who had been left a little money or a competency by the industry of a father or husband, men in inferior walks of life, servants, laborers, chambermaids often fall victims to the schemes of conscienceless "brokers" and lose their all, actions that are the more reprehensible and criminal as those sharks, as a rule, lay their plans to enmesh the ignorant and illiterate.  
Mr. Hitchcock is to be congratulated upon his firm stand and quick action. The post-office, which, as mail carrier, innocently aids the swindlers and, as it were, their tool in the carrying out of their nefarious trade, could not be engaged in a more praiseworthy endeavor than stopping this sort of business as soon as it finds out the purpose of the plausible misrepresentations and flamboyant prospectuses which Uncle Sam is compelled to distribute for them through the mails.  
It was, indeed, a wise law that instructed the Post-office Department with not only the collection, conveying, and distribution of the mails, but also forbade the use of the mails for fraudulent or immoral purposes. It was on that same principle that the notorious Louisiana lottery was put out of business. Any State might permit or even license a lottery, or any corporation, for that matter, but if the Federal government forbade the use of the mails, through which the bulk of its patronage has to be gained, such an enterprise will be hopelessly hampered. Here is where the good work of the Federal government comes in, no matter how powerless to interfere State or municipal authorities may be.  
Mr. Hitchcock has done exceedingly well in behalf of the investing public. We congratulate him in their name. His action, firm and prompt as it was, is but a first step to eliminate this sort of thing. To prevent the further incorporation of swindling concerns is the next and imperative duty of the State legislatures.

We shudder for the fate of Mexico. Already the war correspondents are hurrying down there.  
Our Trade with South America.  
It has been freely predicted by the press of the country that a Democratic majority in Congress means the reopening of the fight in that body on behalf of the ship subsidy plan. Whether that be true or not, it is a singular coincidence that Mr. Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder, who always has been an ardent advocate of governmental ship subsidies, just returned from a trip to South America, is publicly regretting the absence of closer commercial relations with the southern half of this hemisphere, which—quite naturally, from his point of view—attributes to the lack of ships. Says he, as a clincher to his argument: "You can get a ship at Buenos Ayres every day for Europe, but only once a month for New York."  
Our trade with South America has steadily and persistently increased and is increasing. Within the past decade that trade has increased 50 per cent, and with the increase of that trade has come the necessary increase in facilities for handling it.  
Why trade has not increased at an even greater rate with the South American ports is due in a large degree to the carelessness of our merchants and manufacturers toward this foreign trade. Other commercial nations make a specialty of this trade, pack their goods in conformity with the customs of the country with which they trade, and adapt their systems of exchange and credit to suit the buyers. So far we have paid little attention to these things, being, perhaps, too busy supplying the home and near-by markets.  
Some day we shall awaken to the real commercial possibilities of South America—already our consuls abroad are drumming up a splendid trade for us—and then that trade will leap into a position of first importance. When it does we need not fear that there will be any lack of ships to carry our merchandise. English, German, French, Italian, Norwegian, and other ships will be at the disposal of our merchants, and they will

carry our freights at prices with which American ships manned by American sailors could not hope to compete. Our trade with South America can be carried on without one cent of cost to the American people, and we are sure that any scheme looking to the taxing of the people for the benefit of American shipbuilders stands not a chance of success.

Was it more than a coincidence, we wonder, that the Hobbes' Union and the Organization of Actors were both taken into the Federation of Labor at the same time?

Army and Navy Legislation.

The insatiable desire on the part of the army and navy for remedial legislation in behalf of the personnel is undaunted by any prospect that the coming session of Congress will be otherwise occupied with measures of more national or political significance.

Plans for the amendment of existing laws pertaining to commissioned officers, for the most part increasing the numbers, are being formulated with every confidence that Congress will lend its support to the various projects.

It is imaginable that Congress will come to the conclusion that there are more vital things to engage legislative attention than these additional provisions for the military-naval personnel. In fact, it is going to be difficult to obtain the usual appropriations for maintenance, and there is bound to be opposition, during the coming session, to the provision for two battle ships. There has been such a steady increase in military-naval expenditure that any legislation which contemplates the increase of the personnel or calls for additional appropriations for maintenance will not be promptly or enthusiastically endorsed.

There are less than seventy days during the next session of Congress to be devoted to actual work, and in that time it will be necessary to pass the annual appropriation bills and to take advantage of a retiring Republican majority in the House to enact measures recognized as of value by the administration. It is not easy to class army and navy personnel legislation in that category, notwithstanding the appreciation of such projects on the part of the beneficiaries. Of course, those who are responsible for military-naval efficiency must not fail in indicating to Congress its duty, and the laudable purpose in that direction is not to be deprecated. At the same time, it would be well for army and navy officers who entertain the hope of important results in their own behalf to curb their expectations. Whatever there is to be said in favor of the various propositions, there is probably much more to be offered on the side of Congressional indifference.

The census returns seem to indicate that "What's the matter with Kansas?" is that she is suffering from growing pains.

A Negro "Ghetto."

Does the race problem in Maryland affect the people as much as it does the politicians? We ask this because the attempt on the part of the latter to disfranchise the negroes has been frustrated twice by the people at the polls. We are told that the attempt is to be repeated. The reason which has been urged for such a policy of elimination of the franchise in the States farther South, namely, that unless there was a definite restriction the whites would lose control of their local governments, has no force in Maryland, where in 1900 the colored element was only about one-twelfth of the population, while the ratio of increase was a little more than half as great as that of the white inhabitants.

The city of Baltimore has about 90,000 colored people of its half million inhabitants, more or less—the largest percentage of any city except Washington—and it is difficult to find a reasoning that the whites there fear loss of control of the management of their municipal affairs.

This is one phase of the situation. But there is another, and it is now before the councils of that city. In fact, the upper branch has already passed the measure, which provides for the segregation of the colored people there. It is reported that the resolution will pass the common council also. This is drastic. It is, perhaps, more social or economic than political.

The ordinance forbids white people from moving into an "obviously" negro block, and bars negroes from settling in a "white" neighborhood. The long and short of the measure is the legalizing of a "ghetto."  
It is true, and no city knows this better than Washington, that the advent of colored people into exclusive residential neighborhoods depreciates real estate, but does the solution of the problem lie in segregation?

The situation is full of perplexities and embarrassments. Should the Baltimore ordinance pass, the negroes will oppose it in the courts, and, being emancipated under the Constitution, and hence free American citizens with the right of franchise, there seems to be hardly any doubt as to what the Supreme Court of the United States will decide, purely from the viewpoint of the Constitution.

It is true, Maryland Democrats depend upon the fact that their State refused to ratify the fifteenth amendment. But three-fourths of the States did ratify it; and even this very contention is being fought out in the courts at present among the "grandfather" clause dispute in Maryland.

Turkey—cold turkey—turkey hash—turkey soup—turkey bones—exit!  
It is reported that Ruth St. Denis, the barefooted dancer, is bankrupt. It is pretty certain that she did not run into debt buying stage wardrobe.

A Sparkling Rejoinder.  
From the Courier-Journal.  
The statement of the Washington correspondent of a New York paper that it would take but a spark to start war between this country and Mexico might be supplemented by the statement that it would take only a spark of common sense to make Mexico see the unwisdom of inaugurating war.

Cured.  
From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
"Your son used to be so round-shouldered. How did you get him cured of it? He seems to be so straight now."  
"He has become an aviation enthusiast, and spends most of his time watching the birdmen."

The German Emperor is preaching total abstinence and the Lord Mayor of London is a prohibitionist. Nevertheless, it

is a safe prediction that Germany and England will spend more money for liquor this year than for foreign missions.

Perhaps the vegetarians had the most to be thankful for yesterday.

We wish those people would not start sending out the 1911 calendars yet. Surely the years are passing fast enough.

The Houston Post says: "Five o'clock in the morning is the coldest hour of the day." Especially, George, when on your way home you reflect that you might have won if you had held better hands.

It is a great pity that love does not remain blind. Then husbands would not kick on the colors of those Christmas neckties bought by their wives.

Copenhagen has just received a large shipment of American eggs. Now look out for that well-worn quotation from Hamlet.

Now that we are fortified with good Thanksgiving Day food, we can look forward with equanimity to the coming of Congress.

At any rate, that Mexican flare-up will teach the school children a lot about those unpronounceable names.

One trouble with the ultimate consumer is that he grows so fast.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE DAY AFTER.  
The household seems depressed to-day—A gloomy group.  
The remnants serve in feeble way As turkey soup.

Our dinner yesterday was grand. We spent our cash;  
To-day we eat squash potpie and Cranberry hash.

A Fine Haul.  
"Back from your fishing trip, I see."  
"Yep."  
"Caught anything noteworthy?"  
"Caught four aces one night."

After Thanksgiving.  
"Why are the funny men always sneering at the turkey hash?"  
"I don't know."  
"I think it's a good thing. It makes the descent from white meat to corn beef sort of gradual."

Habit Grows.  
"I hate to see a little country buying its first battle ship."  
"Why?"  
"Reminds me of a boy taking his first smoke."

Rough Going.  
Coming back from Turkeytown Is the throng.  
Those who overwell did dine On the old Dyspepsia Line  
Jolt along.

Never Touched Him.  
"Want to go to the theater to-night?"  
"I have nothing to wear," said the wife pointedly.  
"Then we'll go to one of those moving-picture shows where it's dark."

A Good Scheme.  
"I see the sheriff is advertising your stock for sale."  
"Yes; and he's getting quite a run of business. I wish I had tried advertising myself."

Tough.  
"Kicking about your Thanksgiving dinner, eh?" said the charitable citizen. "So that's what I get for sending you a turkey and a blanket."  
"Well, boss, my wife must have cooked the blanket."

THE NATION'S NEW COOK.

Effects Recalled of White House Kitchen on National Events.  
From the New York Globe.  
The advent of a new head cook at the White House seems to have attracted unusual attention. This is in keeping with the increasing importance which the stomach is assuming in our American life. We have long had the reputation abroad of being the dyspeptic nation par excellence, and we are getting tired of the stigma.

During our national youth and early maturity we didn't have time to bother about eating. The hurried business man charged himself with what was set before him very much as the stoker shovels coal through the furnace door. So long as it was food he made no discrimination.

At last dyspepsia has called a halt, and the good cook is beginning to assume her or his real place in the great American republic. These are the reasons, some of them at least, why the arrival of Miss Flora Hamilton at the White House is generally recognized as an event of national importance.

The fate of the nation, in so far as it is dependent upon President Taft's own interior department, is in Miss Hamilton's hands. It has been said that Grover Cleveland's warlike Venezuelan note was the direct result of underhand work in the White House kitchen. Indeed, the action of great men in national crises has not infrequently been affected by stomachic considerations.

Dr. Wiley and Football.  
From the Worcester Telegram.  
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, says it is better to have some boys killed in the roughness of football and other games than to raise the boys into moldies, as the country would be bound to do if the hard plays were abolished. "It is that very element of danger in a sport that makes the sport an education in itself," says the doctor. But the boys did the work. Perhaps there should be a danger element introduced into labor to make it more distinctly educational as well as popular among the boys of this country.

Buried General Came Back.  
From the New York Press.  
When Napoleon was shynessy back to his own side from Moscow's awful hostilities, Gen. Ornano's head was grazed by a bullet while he was hippy-hopping in a charge on the Russians. The general fell from his steed. His orderly could find no sign of life in him, so buried the general under a bank of snow and forthwith announced the death of Napoleon. Two hours later Gen. Ornano showed up. The Emperor very much alive and kicking. Years afterward the old general was one of the pallbearers of the orderly who had buried him in the snow.

Not Necessarily So.  
From the St. Paul Dispatch.  
The election is over now and a man is not necessarily a liar just because he happens to differ from you in his political opinions.

Still a Crime in Tennessee.  
From the Knoxville Journal.  
After all that has been said and done, a majority of the people of Tennessee believe that murder is a crime.

All She Needs.  
From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.  
Oklahoma has two State capitals, but only one Gov. Haskell, and he is a great plenty.

"Place du Dames."  
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.  
The street car transportation company that goes in for sentiment has not yet made its appearance. So we fear that the Boston car is conceding to the fact that one which it is not at all difficult to discover. If it can only satisfy the women, the men may go hang. Give the women a chance to sit down. As for the men, why, they can clutch the straps and stand. There is never any excuse for an elevated railway or a subway, for that matter, to deny its patrons comfortable accommodations, for the reason that cars can be made up into trains.

No Assistance Needed.  
From the Princeton Train.  
As the train neared the city the colored porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying, with a smile: "Shall ah brush yo' off, sah?"  
"No," he replied "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

Japan, Please Observe.  
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.  
A third son has been born to Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson. Japan will please take note.

ELECTION VIEWS.

Will Not Be Amputated.  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From Prince Edward Island comes the suggestion that the State of Maine be annexed to the Dominion of Canada. It is pointed out that Maine is a geographical monstrosity, that the interests of the State are identical with those of Canada, and that it is manifest destiny for the people of Maine to seek union with the Dominion, into which the State now thrusts its head like a thumb in a piece of custard pie. Maine does look rather awkward up there. But we desire Maine, and do not intend to lose her. Prince Edward Island to the contrary notwithstanding. We love Maine, especially just at present, because of the stunt she did in September. She became the banner State of the nation, and the other Commonwealths merely followed where she led.

A Prophet with Honor.  
From Harper's Weekly.

We made ten guesses, viz.: That Dix, Harmon, Baldwin, Foss, and Bass would win.  
That Beveridge, Depew, and Kean would lose.  
That the Democrats would elect a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.  
And (ten) that Woodrow Wilson would carry New Jersey by 40,000.

Most people thought the last guess "crazy." We have to confess, it wasn't a guess at all. It was what Hosea Biglow called a prophecy. We knew, all the time.

The nine guesses came true, too.  
Little Rhody's Merry Dance.  
From the Hartford Courant.

The whirling revolves as briskly in Rhode Island politics as in other politics. Three years ago, when Mr. Wetmore had to fight for the retention of his seat in the Senate, the members of the Republican State executive committee were acutest him for the two to one, and for Col. Samuel Pomeroy Colt, his would-be supplanter. Now the State committee are nearly two to one for Mr. Lippitt (who on the other occasion was a zealous Wetmore man), and against the colonel's older brother.

A Reminder of Facts.  
From the New York Record.  
Col. Roosevelt still is immensely popular with the young men of the United States. Out West the people actually believe that his recent setbacks will serve to make him stronger with the voters.

There are certain small offenses that may well be dealt with by the youngsters' law terms. We may rest assured that justice will reign to some purpose.

The new institution will foster self-reliance, respect for law, and a broader and better outlook on life. Working on newsboys at the impressionable age, it will surely help develop them into good citizens, though the vast majority turn out well, anyway.

BABY'S WAY OF REASONING.

Three-year-old Gwendolyn, Despite Her Newness, Is Analytical.  
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Little Gwendolyn, aged three, has a dress for every year of her short life. Little Gwendolyn, despite her newness, has an analytical mind as well as a good sized wardrobe. Her first dress she calls her "F'wench dress." Her second is her "sailor dress," and her third frock, for some unaccountable reason, she christened her "add-wee-wee."  
"But, Gwendolyn," her mother remonstrated, "that isn't a nice name for a dress. An address isn't a lady's dress at all. It's the place where she lives."  
That afternoon Gwendolyn, the analytical, sat by the window and watched the people in the street.  
"Mamma," she presently cried, "a man is passing by."  
"Yes, dear."  
"Mamma," cried Gwendolyn, "do you know the man's ad-coat?"  
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SHINES BOOTS BY TUNE.

Sets Melody to Quickstep for Those Who Are in a Hurry.  
From the Youngstown Telegram.

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THE "LAMBS" USUAL ROLE.

Speculator, Asked if He Was Bull or Bear, Said He Was an Ass.  
From the New York Press.

Charles M. Schwab, in a recent interview in New York, pointed out the folly of ignorant speculation.  
"The average man, with no knowledge of finance," he said, "has no business to speculate. Let him do so and his case is Jones' all over again."  
"Jones stopped in at a garage one morning to see about selling off his two automobiles."  
"I hear you've been speculating on the stock exchange, Mr. Jones," the agent said politely.  
"Yes," said Jones. "Now these cars, understand, can be had cheap for cash. Would you a bull or a bear, sir?"  
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KANSAS WASTE IN STRAW.

According to estimates made by freight officials of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway 1,200,000 acres of the finest of the Kansas wheat land are used less every year on account of the straw stacks piled on the ground. The stacks are made when the grain is thrashed, and at present there is no use for the great quantities of straw left when the grain is beaten out. Burning the straw leaves a great pile of ash, and renders the ground useless for a year at least, and no way has been found to remove the straw cheaply and quickly so that the ground could be used.

Queen Has Foresight.

From the Jacksonville Times-Union.  
Business sits on the thrones of Europe, and the reigning sovereign is always mindful of the time when his own people will fail to pay taxes for his maintenance. King Edward had a nice fortune invested in this country—many Englishmen could leave the House of Peers and live on their lands in the West. But the little Queen seems to have begun to tremble—it is whispered that Holland funds Germany too close a neighbor and the need of Germany for her coast line is too apparent: how does Queen Wilhelmina provide for a possible future? She buys 14,000 acres of land in Alabama and she will prepare that homestead for her family.

High School Social Life.

From the Wakefield Item.  
The women teachers of Brockton will hereafter decline all invitations to act as chaperons at dancing parties, socials, etc., on the ground that social life in high schools is being carried too far. In this respect we believe that they have taken a course. The teachers appreciate thoroughly the courtesy of the invitations, but these days there is "too much going on" for high schools pupils.

LIFE ON A BATTLE SHIP.

What "Landlubbers" Endure in Getting Their "Sea Legs."

From Leslie's Weekly.  
To the "landlubber," one of the peculiar and oftentimes disconcerting elements of life on a war ship during target practice is the necessity for numerous baths. After each volley all the men on deck must take a bath. Sometimes there are four or five baths a day. This becomes quite monotonous. The Japanese inaugurated this practice, which is taken before and after shooting to guard against possible infection of open scratches and cuts from the flying powder.

When the big guns go off the landsman on deck is thrown into consternation. A horrible, sickening wrench makes one feel as if each limb was separately grasped and pulled in various directions, and it is a long time until he gets his "sea legs" again.

Life aboard ship is not the ordeal that rumor has characterized it. The hard-tack legend is erroneous. The sailors are well fed with the best viands procurable and their bread, far from being hard-tack, is as good as the best in the world. There is a spirit of good fellowship among the men below decks. Each man has his separate duties definitely designated and there are no petty jealousies.

BOSTON NEWSBOYS' COURT.

To Try Petty Offenses Committed by Members of Their Calling.  
From the Boston Post.

Those wonderfully alert and intelligent young citizens, the newsboys of Boston, have just given another example of their progressive ideas and innate honesty of purpose by the establishing of a court in which they propose to try such petty offenses as may be committed by members of their calling. They have a chief justice and two associates, and their decisions will undoubtedly have practical weight with the rank and file.

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REVOLUTION ENDS AT THE HOTELS.

DIPLOMATIC CAREER

The Marquis de Soveral occupied a unique position in the "diplomatic" in London, for he was the only ambassador accredited to the Court of St. James whose position as such was regarded as a life appointment, from which nothing but a revolution could remove him. That revolution in reality did occur, and his excellency has resigned and retired from a service of which he was so conspicuous and distinguished a member.

He was on terms of the most intimate friendship with the royal families of both his own country and Britain, and it was at the late King Edward's request that the marquis relinquished the idea of going to take charge of the Portuguese mission at St. Petersburg some years ago and to continue and finish his diplomatic career in England.

The Marquis de Soveral was not a great diplomat, in the official meaning of the word. During his career he never had the handling of any question of really first importance. Negotiations and commissions which he conducted, so far as they related to international affairs, called for no special skill in the higher branches of diplomacy. He never achieved any great victories in the chancelleries of Europe. He was not a fighter. He was essentially a man of peace. But his knowledge of men was unrivaled, and there was no diplomat better versed in European diplomatic situations or who could more keenly gauge the outcome of a diplomatic treaty or wrangle than the handsome, courtly, well-dressed marquis.

When he was a young attaché at Vienna he was intrusted with the performance of a very delicate mission. It did not relate to international politics, but nevertheless it was a matter of considerable importance which had been intrusted to so young and inexperienced a diplomat. A lady of considerable wealth and position in Vienna was known to be in possession of letters which bore the signature of a rather excited but somewhat foolish person in Portugal. The marquis was asked to get possession of those letters, and he succeeded in doing so.

How the young man accomplished it never has been made known, but there was a funny story which made the rounds of the diplomatic world of the day that, when approached upon the subject by an inquisitive lady, he replied: "Madame, there are two subjects I cannot talk about: myself and ladies who honor me with their acquaintance."  
He first made acquaintance with the diplomatic service in London, when, in 1885, he came to England as secretary to the Portuguese mission. He then was acknowledged as one of the best looking young diplomats in London, as he certainly was the best dressed. He was known to be well-to-do, and soon he became one of the most favored individuals in the most exclusive circles of British society.

But the handsome young diplomat, though he took full advantage of the opportunities offered him for enjoying himself in the brilliant circle that so cordially welcomed him, by no means was the mere butterfly that many supposed him to be. He learned and digested a good deal in the first year while on the Portuguese mission in London, and when he left he had acquired a fair knowledge of the work behind the scenes of British diplomacy.

He was well received at Marlborough House, but his more intimate friendship with the royal family did not actually begin until six years later, when he came to London as minister of Portugal. Upon his return he went much less into general society than he had done before, and moved almost exclusively in the circle which the late King and Queen had gathered about them. But he was a constant guest at Buckingham Palace and Sandringham in the late reign. One time, somehow, the name of the marquis was omitted from a list of guests invited to Sandringham for the week-end.

King Edward discovered the error he promptly sent a special messenger for the marquis to come at once.

Senhor de Soveral arrived just before dinner. When he entered the room King Edward exclaimed in good humor: "Why did you wait to be asked?"  
"Well, sire," gravely replied the marquis, "who of course would not have come to the royal party unless bidden. I had got as far as my door when your command arrived."

The marquis was one of the cleverest raconteurs in British society. No one can tell a good story better than he. The marvel really is where he gets his stories. He always has some fresh anecdote to tell. One afternoon, at the St. James Club, a brother diplomat said to him:

"Where on earth do you get all your stories, marquis? I have to tell my best ones dozens of times for lack of supply."  
"Ah, my dear fellow," replied de Soveral, "that is just it. You tell stories; I tell facts, and every day brings with it new facts."  
And really it was wonderful in how amusing a manner the marquis could present any simple fact. But amusing as that he was, and much as his ready wit was appreciated by the royal family, he was far from being a mere court jester.

No one appreciated better than the late King the value of the marquis' accurate knowledge and keen insight into diplomatic affairs in Europe, and the marquis, unofficially, of course, always was ready to place his knowledge at the service of the late King.

Although the marquis also stood in high favor with the present monarch, it is doubtful, perhaps, if he would have continued to remain at the Court of St. James very much longer, even if the revolution in his country had not brought about his retirement. King George belongs to a different generation from the marquis, and the ideas and sentiments that prevail at the new court are different from those with which the Portuguese Minister was familiar. His retirement, therefore, however much he may regret the circumstances which have brought it about, comes at a moment when probably he was glad to be able to relieve himself of performing it.